REFLECTIONS

On a pretended Letter from St. Germains.

In a Letter to a Gentleman in the Country.

SIR,

FOr want of more valuable Goods to Trade with, Pamphlets are the more vendible Commodity: By the next Stage-Coach I will ſend you a Monthly Manufacture, for your Diverſion till another Return: But having the other day handed to me by one of our Hawkers, who are the beſt employed Porters, an Half Sheet Intituled, *A Summary Account of a Diſcourſe concerning a General Peace, which was had of late at St.* Germains en Laye *betwixt the* French *King and the Late King* James, Apr. *the* 22. 1694. Not judging it worth the Charge of a double Poſt-Letter, I ſhall give you the Breviat of it: It's contriv'd by way of Letter from an Eves dropper of King *James*'s Bed-chamber, to his Correſpondent in *London*, which are his Credentials.

In it we are told, That on the 20*th* of *April* the *French King*, *without any Warning of his Coming, entered King* James's *Bed-chamber before his* Leire, *and not ſuffering him to ariſe, haſtily ſat down on his bed a ſide, telling him he had ſome Diſcourſes to make with him, which he would have no others Partakers of.* It was to be expected that ſuch a King as had out-rid his Harbingers and Guards, ſhould have ſome matter of Importance to diſcover. Well our ſingle Bed chamber-man upon Command withdraws into the Anti-Chamber, not forgetting to ſhut the Door after *him*; and for the greater Privacy of theſe two

Matchless Kings, as well as his own, he desired all that were there to depart, upon whom also he *locked the Door*. Having thus secured the two Monarchs and himself from all Spies upon him, like a *Pasquin* in his Solitude he placeth himself to the *Partition nearest the King's Bed-side*, Having laid by his Wigg, and fixed his itching Ears to the Wainscot (for we must suppose there was no Hangings) he tells us the *French* King, overcharged it seems with the Load of what he designed to discourse of, owned *he knew not how to begin to relate both their Misfortunes, and stop'd with an extraordinary Sigh.* Such a Gust and Eruption without doubt startled *K. James*, as much as the Surprise of the Visit: So that instantly he falls in a pathetical condoling his own Misfortunes, the more deplorable in that he conceived just Reason to suspect, *That the* French *King was resolved to serve the* Grand Seignior *and himself alike, and sacrifice both their Interests to procure a Peace with the* Confederates. This rouzed the *French* King's Courage that he ventured to deliver his Errand, which was only to impart to K. *James* the true Reasons of his Resolutions to attempt the making a Peace: For that his *Treasure was utterly exhausted, and a miserable Poverty was in his Kingdom*. Indeed Armies of three hundred Thousand Men must empty an *Exchequer*; yet the *Confederates* have theirs emptier by many Millions, and want the Expedients he hath of recruiting, and have nothing so much to shew for their Money they have expended, as he hath, Witness *Mons*, *Namur*, *Charleroy* and *Huy*, *Roses* and all *Savoy*, besides the conquered Countreys that afford him liberal Contributions: And notwithstanding all the Noise of the Poverty of the Countrey, and the Notorious false Suggestions of our Scribling Varlets, that Women eat their own Children, the Most Christian King, it seems, has more Religion than to require the superfluous Church Plate and Jewels, which would maintain his Army yet two Years longer; and is not yet reduced to set up *Lotteries*, and make *Tunnage-Acts*. Oh! *but the horrid Vein and Prospect of Sickness and Famine threatneth a general Desolation*, and which is worse, he dreads a *Sudden Defection*. As to Sickness either in his Army or Countrey, if we

may

may believe credible Relations, One *Confederate Town*, viz. *Liege*, hath suffered more of late on either Account, than half his Kingdom hath done: And for the Famine, It is well known Bread is as cheap at *Paris* as at *London*, and as little want of any other Provision: Though a Worthy Patriot of the Government said publickly, Their Misery was such, that the poorer Sort were constrained to eat Rice instead of Bread; a great Calamity, no doubt, to eat Pye-crust instead of Brown-bread! But that Provident Prince takes another sort of Care than our Government doth, to supply all Defects of that kind, witness his providing of Corn from the *Baltick*, *Italy* and *Africk*, his having against the next Year laid out ready Money and bargained for all the Grain shall be spared from *Poland* or *Russia*. As to the fear of a *Defection*, It is as true as a late Printed Paper of Regiments and some Thousands of his People Revolting to the *Confederates* in *Flanders*, which yet our *Gazetteer* had not the Confidence to confirm, though he often loads his Cannon to kill a Fly.

This wondrous Intelligencer adds other Reasons, why the *French* King was thus necessitated to submit, and abandon his *Chymerical Dreams of his universal Monarchy* (*viz.*) his loss *of all Hopes of the Pope's or Northern Princes Mediation*: By this our Intelligencer would be thought to be a Privado at the Cabinet at *Versailles*, as well as at the Partition near K. *James*'s Bed side; but as contemptible as he represents the *French* King, he is wiser than to have communicated either his Design or Progress in that Mediation, to such a *Wrigling Earwig*. From these Topicks he proceeds to such as more immediately concern'd K. *James*, in that all his Hopes in forming a Party and interest in *England* were vain, since the Parliament had given *Larger Supplies than ever for the carrying on the War*. His last Particular Indeed is true; but we in *England* know by what Pensionary Acts it hath been obtained; and it will be found, that the Government hath lost more in the Affections of the People, by those unprecedented Ways and Means of picking their Pockets, than it will gain by the Rapines, and without better Conduct than hath hitherto been discovered, will turn to as small an Account (as

to any Advantage to *England*) as the 20 Millions hitherto given have done; and by the Difficulty of effecting this it is manifeſt, it will be the laſt can be raiſed here: You may be ſure our *Politico*, who feigned ſuch a deſpairing Speech from ſo great a Monarch, never intended to bring in King *James* as diſcovering the leaſt Magnanimity of Mind, or Incouragement of the *French* King, to employ his utmoſt Efforts to encounter theſe Difficulties: No, that was not ſuitable to our Romancers Deſign; Our woful Prince muſt break out into Exclamations of, *Alaſs! Alaſs! that he had not rather thrown himſelf upon the inexecrable* (he means inexorable) *Pity of his Father's Murderers, than put himſelf into the Hands of a Monarch, whoſe unlimited Ambition cauſeth him to look upon* Religion, Charity *and* Hoſpitality *as Names only uſed to propagate his Deſigns.*

In this Paragraph I know not whether our *Varlet* hath diſcovered more of his Malice than his Ignorance: For it is demonſtrable to all who have the Honour to be near and converſant with K *James*, That never any Prince, unleſs it were his Royal Father, bore his Sufferings with greater Heroick Fortitude than he hath and doth, or ever diſcorded leſs Deſpondency of Spirit, to this day, than he doth. However the King is obliged to this Informer, that he allows him to have ſo much of Good-Breeding, as *to beg the* French *King's Pardon for the Expreſſions*, Indecent *and* Unwarrantable, *which the miſerable Eſtate he was reduced to had extorted from him.*

You may eaſily conceive that K. *James*, overwhelmed with Anguiſh of Mind, muſt by this time be at a loſs for words to expreſs himſelf, *Ingentes ſtupeat*; ſo it is now his Qu, *to groan out the remaining Sence of his unexpreſſible Affections.* Our Bed-chamber-man thought it a Decorum, that the *French King* ſhould be touched to the Quick by ſuch Home Expreſſions of a reſenting Prince: But inſtead of affording him any Conſolation, *ſwoln with exorbitant Paſſion, he inſtantly cries out, O weak and unfortunate Man, your Courage and Wit are ſpun both with a Thread!* And ſo tells him how he came to have a reſolved how to make Overtures of ſuch a Peace, as might with the leaſt Diſhonour heal their Breaches, and obtain to K *James* a Proſ-

peſt

pect of future Relief: But he found his Impotent Paſſion had rendered him uncapable of Conſolation; and ſo tells him, he reſolved to Cicatrize the Wounds of his Kingdom; yet will not yield to any Peace wherein *K. James*'s Life and Subſiſtence ſhall not reaſonably be provided for, though perhaps he may be forced not to ſuffer his Reſidence in his kingdom; but like a good natur'd Brother he will take Care he have Refuge in ſome Catholick Countrey, till the Diſſentions in *England* make way for his Reſtoration. And ſo after ſome Exhortations to Patience, without expecting further Anſwer, he roſe up, and opening the Doors (it ſeems our Anti chamber man had not the Civility to do it) ſo departed as he came, that is *Incognito*.

Thus, Sir, I have given you the Summary of the Summary of a moſt ridiculous, but withal a maliciouſly-contrived Lie; The whole being deſign'd that we in *England* might believe, that *K. James* was never like to give any more Diſturbance to the Government here, which we may be aſſured is the only Thing it endeavours and wiſhes, and by all Artifices (of which this Pamphlet is a Branch) it endeavours to promote. But before this Summer be paſt it may well be believed, on better Grounds than ſuch fictitious ones as are here produced, we ſhall have other kind of Tidings from St. *Germains*, to the Confuſion of the Author of Rebellion and Lies.

You cannot but agree with me, That whoever carry's on, even private Affairs by the help of Lies and Diſſimulation, are at one time or another detected and defeated in their villainous Projects: Lies be always ſo thin Cobweb Veils, that they are ſeen through, in one place, or at one time or another; but when a Government ſtands in need of ſuch damnable Supports, it is a Demonſtration of it's Injuſtice and inevitable Ruine.

Sir, I will not now further detain you, on reflecting on ſo malicious a Fiction; but for your Diverſion tranſcribe and ſend what an Ingenious Gentleman, upon peruſal of that Chymerical Conference, writ off-hand, as judging it deſerved to be Anſwered in Ridicule, rather than in a more ſerious Manner: The Gentleman Intitles it,

Strange

Strange and wonderful News from St. Germains *in* Grub-ſtreet, London; *Licenſed* May 21. 1694.

Here is News of a Letter that never was writ,
Of a Truſty Expreſs who never drew Bit,
Of a Secret betray'd, and a Letter beſpit.

Here is ſtrange and wonderful News, here is wonderful and ſtrange News, here is *French* and *Grub-ſtreet* News, here is Foreign and Home-ſpun News, here is falſe and true News; in ſhort, here is great News, and no News at all.

Here is News that the *French King* came *Incognito* into K. *James*'s Bed-Chamber, which is great News; and here is News that he caught K *James* Napping *a-Bed*, which is no News at all; here is News that the *French King* came from *Verſailes*, to St. *Germains* without his Guards, (which is about as far as from St *James*'s to *White-Hall*) and that is great News; and here is News that he entred K *James*'s Bed-Chamber like a Spirit *without the leaſt notice of his coming*; which is no News at all. Here is News that the uncivil great Monarch ſat haſtily down on K. *James*'s Bed-ſide, *without crying avec voſtre permiſſion Madam Queen*, which is great news. And here is news that two Kings and a Queen were on a time all up in one Bed, which is no news at all: Here is news that a Truſty Old Courtier *look'd* the Princes into the Room together, which is great news; and here is news at laſt that he *Peers* and the *Lookt* op ed of themſelves to this a future Monarch, which is no news at all. Here is news of a ſpeech ther never was ſpoke, which is great news; and here is news of an *Engliſh Old Courtier*, that by the help of a *Parti-tion* heard it every Word, took it in ſhort hand next his Heart,

and

translated it, and sent it to *Grub street*; which is no news at all. Here is news of a dispairing Monarch, disclosing the Secrets of an *Universal Monarchy*, which is great news; and here is news of *French Doterells*, and an *English Catchdolt*, which is no news at all: Here is news how Hectoring K. *James* calls the French Monarch, Inhospitable, Proud, False Loon, which is great news; and here is news that the *French King* returns the Compliment by the way of *Coward* and *Fool*, which is no news at all: Here is news that after these Civil Reparees there happened no Tilt, which is great news; and here is news the *French King* vanished, as he appear'd, which is no news at all: Here is a *Lamentable* Account of our Royal Master's sad Condition, which is great news; and here is a *True* Account that his *sad Condition is very Lamentable*, which is no news at all: Here is News that a Trusty Old Courtier *will follow his Old Master, wherever he goes*, which is strange news; and here is news that the same Trusty Old Courtier heartily wishes his Friends in *England* to desert their Royal Master, and hang themselves out of Despair, which is no news at all: Here is news at first of *a trusty Expeditious Messenger, who had no Instructions, nor Cognizance* of what neither himself, nor any Man in *France* ever heard of, which is great news; and here is news that this *Expeditious trusty Messenger* discovers all that he never knew, nor heard of, to *Grub-street*, which is no news at all. Here was news about a Month since, of a *Cursed Design of the* English *and* French *to Restore the late King* James, which was great news; and here is news from the same Hand, that both *French* and *English* have abandoned K. *James*, which is no news at all. *Here is News of a Summary Account, Licensed, and Printed by* Randal Taylor, May 21. 1694. which is great news; and here is news of a Summary Account without any manner of Authority to support it, which is no news at all. Here is news of a Rascally Block-head that makes Elegant Speeches for Kings, which is great news: And here is news from *Grub-street*, that hath not one Syllable of Truth or Sense in it, which is no news at all.

O ridiculum Caput.

FINIS.